

The Lonely Voyage of Monsieur Portier

"The Devil's Darning Needle"—The Champion Aeronaut of Uncle Sam's Secret Aviation Camp Performs One of His Most Hazardous and Exciting Exploits.

By HENRY M. NEELY, Author of "The Fourth Finger," "The Darning Needle Stings," etc.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"All right," said Sayville. "There's nothing to do now but wait and carry the game through as arranged."

With a low whistle, he called the corporal and they set down comfortably upon the ground in the complete concealment of a clump of shrubbery to wait, with that patience they could, the reappearance of M. Jacques Portier, the aeronaut.

It was a long and tiring vigil. Evidently the revolutionist and his host were finding plenty to talk about, for it was after midnight when the opening panels of the great entrance doors shot out a flood of light that made the two men involuntarily crouch lower under the shadows of the shrubbery.

Down the broad steps came Dalguet and his scheming host, their heads still bent close together, their rapid flow of Spanish not interrupted in the slightest and both intent upon the matter under discussion. Sayville heard the starting of the motor of the taxi and hurried to his companion to be ready for instant action.

There was a continuation of the colloquy after Dalguet had taken his seat, his head standing on the curb, head and shoulders craned far into the dark recesses of the tonneau. In time, however, he withdrew; there was a cordial "good night" and the machine moved away.

Sayville and the corporal waited only long enough for Dalguet to reenter the house. Then, springing to their feet, they hurried down the broad walk and turned to follow the taxi.

"Only hope it works," Sayville muttered. "Dalguet is a suspicious chap and he may see that his chauffeur has been checked."

"Don't worry about that, sir," Colligan reassured him. "I'll bet on Andy again any Wop as ever cleaned a street. We'll find 'em just where we agreed."

They swung around the corner and only a few steps were needed to show them that the taxi had drawn up to the curb under the tree. The chauffeur had dismounted. He had lifted the hood and was standing with his head bent low over the motor, which had apparently stalled. Sayville and Colligan approached just as the passenger, becoming impatient, stepped out of the machine with a potent demand as to what the trouble was.

"It's the magneto, sir," they heard Andy answer. "Never fear; we'll have it fixed in an hour in a jiffy. Would you light a cigarette while I wait?"

He handed Dalguet a little electric flash lamp from his pocket and, in its rays, the two men saw the engine again. In another moment, walking straight on and singly paying not the slightest attention to the taxi, they had gone only ten feet or so when Andy Colligan's voice uttered a curse of impatience and he turned back to them.

"My friends," he said, "does either of you know anything about a magneto?"

Andy stopped at the sound of his question. "Why, yes," Sayville answered hesitantly. "I understand them fairly well."

"Give us a hand, then, will you, sir?" Paying not the slightest attention to Dalguet, Sayville walked over and bent above the refractory engine. He moved several screws in the beams of the light and then, still bent low, said:

"You'll have to get me a small screw driver and a wrench. It is easily fixed. Have you tools?"

"Sure I have," Andy answered. "Will you hold the light, mister, while I get 'em?"

He handed the electric torch again to Dalguet and the awestruck little man held it rays once more upon the magneto.

"A little closer, please," said Sayville politely, and Dalguet, stepping up and leaning with him under the hood.

Andy Colligan, with a quick look about them and a nod to his brother, the corporal, opened the tool box on the running board, ostensibly to get what was required for the magneto. As the corporal stepped between him and Dalguet to hide the view, Andy quickly uncorked a small bottle in the tool box, doused its contents freely over a handkerchief and, with a glance over his shoulder, nodded a signal to the machine.

"Suddenly things happened—out all without a sound that could have been heard ten feet away.

Andy, with a leap, clasped the handkerchief over Dalguet's nose at the exact moment that his brother locked the corporal's two arms behind his back in a grip of steel. Simultaneously, Sayville swinging his arms low, clasped them.

She said to her husband, we really must be running along.

MUSICIANS' UNION WILL RENDER SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The musicians' union of El Paso has arranged to give a symphony program of its 30 instrument orchestra at the Texas Grand theater about the middle of the month. The members of the orchestra is restricted to the members of the union and is under the leadership of H. E. Van Surdam. Mr. Van Surdam says it is likely that the orchestra would offer the large from Drorak's "New World Symphony," as its biggest number.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

COURAGE and Good Cheer Are Factors for Success

Continuous Dwelling on Troubles Creates Current of Inharmonious Which Makes Complete Discard of Life; Divine Power in Every Man Superior to Environment.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

NO matter what your situation in life, you can find pleasant things to think, talk and write about.

Unless you can do this, be dumb, and drop all correspondence. No one wants to hear a recital of your woes.

You may speak of your sorrow, trial or need once to a friend, under certain conditions which compel you to ask advice, sympathy or aid; but let it be only once out of ten times. The other nine occasions, talk of other things. Talk of pleasant subjects which will interest your listener. Control your face and voice as well as your words. Keep what you say to yourself, the drop out of your mouth.

But the world is full of worries, cares, griefs, anxieties and fears for all of us. If we allow them to dwell upon them, and no life is exempt from these things; and if we talk continually about the troubles which come to vex us, we will make a complete discard of life.

If you hold a piece of black paper close before your eyes you shut out all the light of day.

If you put that piece of paper behind you, even though you still hold it, you see the sun.

Just so if you keep your worry of poverty, sickness and failure before your eyes, by thinking and talking of it, you will never see the light of hope.

I know that the power of mind, when it comes from the Divine mind behind it, can nerve the hand and brain to do what no merely mortal effort ever achieved.

I know that a continual discussion of ill health, poverty and misfortune is a crime and a sure way to retard and prevent success for yourself or others.

And I know that you can change your circumstances by the Divine power in yourself, if you develop it.

All things are possible to God's own kin—and each soul is that—Copyright, 1916, Star Company.

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Perfect Harmony

must exist in the digestive system in order to get the best value from your food. When the stomach lacks tone or strength, try a bottle of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

DEAR MR. KIMBLE, EVERY NIGHT THAT I VISIT MY FIANCÉE, HER FATHER COMES STROLLING IN ABOUT 12 OR 1 O'CLOCK—WHY CAN THE REASON BE?

MAYBE HE GETS TIRED WAITING FOR YOU TO PASS A CERTAIN DARK ALLEY

NEWS NOTES from MOVIELAND

BY DAISY DEAN

LOIS MEREDITH, who has won

success on the stage and screen, is the latest star to join the Hal-

boa company and is working in a five-reel production under the direction of Harry Harvey at the Bronx Beach studio.

Readers starring in a number of film productions, Miss Meredith played in "Every Woman," taking the part of "Modesty" and followed Lauree Taylor in "The Girl of My Heart." She was also selected for the feminine lead in "The Girl of the Year" when it opened in New York. She is one of the youngest stars in films and is not yet of age. Several specially written feature film plays have been provided for her by president Borkheimer, of the Halboa company.

"MUSTY SUFFER" IS FUNNIEST COMEDY. Judging from reports reaching here from New York the "Mishaps of Musty Suffer" is the funniest comedy that has ever been filmed anywhere. The cast includes Bickel and Watson, Crimmins and Giff, Tom Nawn, Fritz Edwards, Mayfield Moore and H. W. McCullon.

The comedy itself is pure concentrated mirth, acrobatic and sparkling with perhaps just a wee bit of the slap stick as a seasoning, but in no line, no situation which it took weeks to produce, is there to be found a single bit of vulgarity or anything approaching it.

THINKS OF ACTRESS AS HER GIRL. Mark Trunnell, the star featured with Robert Connors in the Kiess-Robinson "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," is a true devotee of the actress and, as a result, she receives these days many letters from soldiers about to depart for the front. She says none of them is a soldier, but a simple respectful letter of admiration from such a soldier, which reads: "I am making many sacrifices to go to the front to fight for my country and my people. I wish you would send me a picture to take with me to the trenches."

Annette Kellermann, star of the William Fox million-dollar production that is being made in the West Indies under the direction of Herbert Brenon, may give up swimming after the com-

plection of the picture. She has suffered so many injuries on the rocky Jamaican coast that her love of the water has been considerably lessened.

Theda Bara, who are assured most solemnly, has been presented with a hairless dog and a dwarf pig by an admirer in Mexico, and we are assured can boast that her other pets include a comic whistling frog, a sleep-walking orang outang, and a green-tinted cat from Peru.

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Plenty Of Time. "There is plenty of time to slip by yet," said the Manicure Lady. "I ain't no spinster, George. The bloom of youth is still on my cheek—the natural bloom, too, no matter what you think—and I still have that unflattering, clear eyes of youth, looking ahead at the years to come with beautiful faith, like it says in the novel I was reading."

The newspaper story says that she didn't know how to do housework, but that love would find a way and that that was the end of her troubles. "That's the grand spirit!" declared the Manicure Lady. "I can't cook nothing myself, George, but if I marry some poor fellow I'll have to try to learn."

"Don't you never do it!" warned the Head Barber. "You have got a true, fond heart, kid, but you can't boil eggs with that head or look ahead with tender glances. Of course, if you was a capable housekeeper like my Missus, it would be different, but there ain't many like her."

"Of course, not," said the Manicure Lady, "and there ain't many gents like you. Maybe I will marry wealth, the way the Dwyer fortune teller told me I would, but she was cross-eyed, and maybe she didn't read my future none too clear. If I should happen to marry wealth and station, I could have as much trouble learning how to shake hands as most girls has learning how to cook."

Marriage is a terrible gamble, George, like a leap into the dark, as them old poets says. When you think of the chances us girls takes, yielding up our young lives to the keeping of

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By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

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Lois Meredith.

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